

Boswell

Apples of Gold

IN

Pictures of Silver.

(Subject.)

God's Knowledge, Wisdom, and Love.

(Proverbs 25. 11)

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APPLES OF GOLD.

IN

PICTURES OF SILVER.

OR

GOOD WORDS AND COMFORTABLE WORDS.

Chiefly in Verse

ON

God's Knowledge, Wisdom, Power, and Grace :

Contrasted with

Man's Ignorance, Folly, Weakness, and Vileness.

Gathered by A. D. F.

(Fergus,—Ontario, Canada :)

1881.

"GOD is a SPIRIT, Infinite, Eternal, and Unchangeable,
in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, &
truth.—*Shorter Catechism of Westm. Assembly. Q. 4.*"

SICB 70 33199A

I HAVE SEEN, I HAVE HEARD, I KNOW—

That sorrow which can be *seen*, is the lightest form
ally, however apparently heavy—then, that which is *not seen*, secret sorrows, which can yet be put into words, and
can be told to near friends as well as be poured out to God;
but, there are sorrows beyond these, such as are *never told*,
and cannot be put into words—and may only be wordlessly
laid before God : these are deepest. Now comes the supply
for each ;—‘ *I have seen*,’—‘ *I have heard* their cry,
but this would not go deep enough, so God adds, ‘ *I know*
their sorrows, down to very depths of all,—those, which
no eye sees, or ear ever heard.,

(F. R. Havergal.)

TO THE READER.

The character of God, the God with whom we have all to do—must ever prove a subject of deepest interest to the creatures whom He has formed and continually upholds.

How erroneous our ideas are, when unaided by revelation, is apparent, not only from intercourse with the Heathen, but from our preconceptions on the subject. How prone are we, either to think of God as altogether such an one as ourselves on the one hand ;—or, to imagine on the other, that the infinite distance between us, renders Him an unconcerned spectator of our lives, of our actions good or bad, or of the thousand and one petty occurrences as we may consider them, of our daily experience. In His own Word however, He is revealed to us, in the person of the God-Man Mediator, Christ Jesus :—in whom ‘Mercy and Truth are met together,—Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other ;’ respecting whom we are told, that—

“In every pang that rends the heart,

The Man of sorrows had a part ;

He sympathizes with our grief,

And, to the sufferer sends relief.”

The Hymns and other compositions in verse comprised in the following pages, it is hoped may prove as a cup of cold water, to some who may be almost ready to faint, by reason of the way. God grant that this may be the case !

The Compiler regrets, that, thro’ the Printer’s carelessness, the two Prose extracts—“The Unfinished Picture,” and “God knows and God cares” are credited to the same writer, ‘Annie Lucas.’ The former is by ‘Miss Alcock,’ and may be found in ‘On the wings of the morning,’ now appearing in the Sunday Magazine. A. D. F.

He said, "I am not fit for the world, & I
am not qualified enough to judge it; & yet it is a duty of
obedience, & I must do my best, & I have done it, & I have
done well. I will do better, & I will do still better, & I hope at no
time to be disappointed. Truly, I am not fit for the world, &
and that is all I say about it. But I'm afraid of judgment, & I am
not so confident of my soul as I would be if I could see
myself clearly. It is a trial, & a burden, & a curse, & a load,
but I will bear it.

ABOVE AND BEYOND.

Nothing does so establish the mind amidst the rollings
and turbulence of present things, as both a look *above* them
and a look *beyond* them : above them, to the steady & good
hand by which they are ruled ;—and beyond them, to the
sweet and beautiful *end*, to which, by that *hand*, they will
be brought.

(*Jeremy Taylor.*)

THE UNFINISHED PICTURE.

* * The Picture was fully sketched, and partly finished.

* * * Two figures formed the foreground ;—one, fully finished, was pathetic in its air of helplessness and trust. It was that of a blind man, the sightless face —sad, wistful full of pain and longing,—turned hopefully to Him who was leading him. One hand was stretched out, as if from the habit of feeling his way ; but the fingers, which were bent inwards, told that he checked himself in the act, knowing he might safely leave all to His Guide. *That Guide held his other hand in His; and into those two clasped hands, the one holding, the other clinging,* the painter had thrown all the expression of which he was master. Not death itself, it seemed, could unloose that clasped hand. The figure of the Guide was majestic, even the very folds of his robe had a calm and massy grandeur. But the face was only sketched. * * * “What does it mean ?” Raymond asked. “Do you not know ?—Our blessed Lord about to heal a blind man. The Gospel words are : He took him by the hand and led him out of the city.” “Why have you left his face to the last, Giacomo ? I would have begun with it.” “Because I cannot paint it as I wish. Again and again I have tried, and failed.” The old man’s own face grew sorrowful. “It may be I am not worthy,” he said in a lower voice, speaking to himself, not to Raymond. * * Left alone, Giacomo stood gazing sadly and wistfully on his unfinished picture. At last he murmured “Shall I ever see that face ? Oh, that I knew where I might find Him ! One look,—only one, were worth dying for. Nay, I think I should die broken-hearted with the joy of that one look. But I cannot see Him. I am blind—Jesus, ! Son of David, have mercy upon me.”

Then after a pause : ‘*But He took the blind man by the hand, and led him; that was before his eyes were opened. Has He my hand in His?—Is He leading me?—Then, Somehow, Somewhere, Sometime, I shall see His face.*’

(‘Within Iron Walls’ by Annie Lucas.)

I WILL TRUST.

I

Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief will surely appear :
 By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform ;
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2

Though dark be my way, since He is my Guide,
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide ;
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
 The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.

3

His love in time past, forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink ;
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
 Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.

* * * * *

7

Since all that I meet, shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food ;
 Though painful at present, 't will cease before long,
 And then, oh ! how pleasant the conqueror's song !

(John Newton.)

A. V. T. W.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on ;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on ;
 Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

2

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead Thou me on ;
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

3

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And, with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

(J. H. Newman.)

8
NOT YET.

1. Not yet thou knowest what I do,
 Oh feeble child of earth,
 Whose life is but to angel view
 The mornin' of thy birth !
 The small' leaf the simplest flower,
 The wild bee honey cell,
 Have less o. My love and power
 Too hard for thee to spell.
2. Thou knowest not how I uphold
 The little thou dost scan ;
 And, how much less canst thou unfold
 My universal plan,
 Where all thy mind can grasp of space
 Is but a grain of sand ;—
 The time thy boldest thought can trace,
 One ripple on the strand !
- * * * * *
5. Not yet thou knowest what I do
 Within thine own weak breast,
 To mould thee to My image true,
 And fit thee for My rest.
 But, yield thee to My loving skill ;
 The veil-ed work of grace,
 From day to day progressing still,
 It is not thine to trace.
6. Yes, walk by faith and not by sight,
 Fast clinging to My hand ;
 Content to feel My love and might,
 Not yet to understand.
 A little while thy course pursue,
 Till grace to glory grow ;
 Then, what I am, and what I do,
 Hereafter thou shalt know.

(F. R. Havergal, in 'Ministry of Song.')

IN THE DARK.

1. Since I've committed all I have
 And am and hope to be,
 To *His* Almighty care and love,
 Who loves and cares for me,—
 Why should I wonder or complain,
 Why yield to fear or doubt,
 Because He leads my pilgrim feet
 In ways past finding out?
2. Have I not wearied Him with prayers
 That *He* my steps would guide :
 Would guard me when I walked aright,
 And when I wandered, chide ?
 Would help me—for the flesh is weak—
 To trust Him, though He slay,—
To trust Him in the darkest night
As in the brightest day?
3. And now, because the path is strange
 And difficult and dim,
 Shall I disown my Guide, and fail
 To follow after *Him*?
 Shall I *His* wisdom dare arraign,
His goodness dare dispute?
 Behold, because *Thou* didst it, Lord,
My trembling lips are mute !
4. Behold, my way is still with *Thee*,
Though dark it be, or light;
'Tis day, if Thou abide with me,
If Thou depart, 'tis night.
'Tis day—altho', as yet, my eyes
 Are held,—I cannot see ;
 Oh, touch them with *Thy* healing touch,
 And bid them look on *Thee*!

(Caroline A. Mason.)

NOT KNOWING.

1

I know not what shall befall me,
 God hangs a mist o'er my eyes ;
 And thus, at each step of my onward path
 He makes new scenes to rise ;
 And every joy He sends me, comes
 As a sweet and glad surprise.

2

I see not a step before me,
 As I tread on another year ;
 But the past is in God's keeping :
 The future His mercy shall clear ;
 And what looks dark in the distance,
 May brighten, as I draw near.

3

For perhaps the dreaded future
 Is less bitter than I think ;
 And the Lord may sweeten the waters
 Before I stoop to drink ;
 Or, if *Marah* must be *Marah*,
 He will stand beside its brink.

4

It may be He keeps waiting
 Till the coming of my feet,
 Some gift of such rare blessedness,
 Some joy so strangely sweet,
 That my lips shall only tremble
 With the thanks I cannot speak.

11

(Continued.)

5

Oh ! restful, blissful ignorance,
'Tis blessed not to know !
It stills me in those powerful arms
Which will not let me go ;
And sweetly hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom which loves me so.

6

*So, I go on, not knowing—
I would not if I might ;
I would rather walk in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light,
I would rather walk with Him, by faith,
Than walk alone, by sight.*

7

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose ;
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose:
So, I send the coming tears back,
With the whispered word,—*He knows.*

(*Mary G. Brainard:*)

As in British American Presbyterian 18th May 1877 :
the sole difference being the insertion of the word 'powerful'
in the Fifth Stanza, which appeared otherwise incomplete.

WALKING BY FAITH.

I

We cannot see, when in the hush of some deep sorrow,
 How shadows of the night,
 With the glad coming of a happier morrow,
 Grow radiant into light.

2

We do not know how unseen hands are guiding
 In dangerous paths, our feet ;
 Nor, how the shadow of the Rock is hiding
 Us, from the noon-tide heat.

3

We do not know of snares and pit-falls, lying
 Where our short sight would lead,
 Nor, that the bread is all unsatisfying,
 On which our souls would feed.

4

But, up above, where threads of life are woven,
 Wisdom directs our lot :
 And God's own hand will guide us to the haven—
 By ways which we know not.

(E. Elliot.)

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THE HEAVENLY GUIDE.

1

I know not the way I am going,

But, well do I know my Guide ;
With a child-like trust, I give my hand
To the mighty Friend by my side.

2

The only thing that I say to Him,

As He takes it, is—"Hold it fast ;
Suffer me not to lose my way.
And bring me home at last."

3

As, when some helpless wanderer,

Alone, in an unknown land,
Tells the guide his destined place of rest,
And leaves all else in his hand ;

4

'Tis home, 'Tis home that we wish to reach—
He who guides us, may choose the way :
Little we heed what path we take,
If nearer home each day.

From "Songs of Zion."

PATHWAYS.

1. God guideth all His children home,
By paths we knew not here ;
But, once with Him, His ways will be
To every loved one, clear ;
For, wondrous is the love that leads ;
And Faith at last, shall learn
To tread with humble, child-like heart,
Nor yet the way discern.
2. Oh faithless child ! couldst thou but pierce
The shrouding veil around,
And see the radiant hosts of heaven
Thy thorny path surround ;
Then wouldest thou know whose servant thou,
And, in that strife would be
A joy, to feel thy need had brought
Thy Saviour nearer thee.
3. Look up ! the noon-tide heat may shed
Its fervour on thy brow,
The burden of thy daily toil
Weigh down thy spirit now ;
But still, about thy path, thy bed,
God's mighty angels be ;
A conquered foe is he who fights
Against thy Lord and thee.
4. And some there are—God rouseth them.
From slumber, at His word ;
And, ere the Bridegroom come, they wake,
And rise, to meet their Lord.
He calleth whom He will : He bids
The Tempter's legions flee ;
And, sweet His voice is sounding now,
“Arise, and follow Me.”

(*Anna Shipton.*)

GOD KNOWS.

1. God knows, not I—the devious way
Wherein my faltering feet must tread,
Before, into the light of day;
My steps from out this gloom, are led ;
And, since my Lord the path doth see,
What matter if 'tis hid from me ?
2. God knows, not I—how sweet accord
Shall grow at length, from out this clash
Of earthly discords, which have jarred
On soul and sense ; I hear the crash,
Yet feel and know, that, on His ear
Breaks harmony—full, deep, and clear.
3. God knows, not I—why, when I'd fain
Have walked in pastures, green and fair,
The path He pointed me, hath lain
Through rocky deserts, bleak and bare :
I blindly trust since 'tis His will—
This way lies safety, that way, ill.
4. He knoweth too, despite my will
I'm weak when I should be most strong,
And, after earnest wrestling, still
I see the right, yet do the wrong ;
Is it that I may learn at length,
Not mine, but His, the saving strength ?
5. His perfect plan I may not grasp,
Yet I can trust Love Infinite,
And, with my feeble fingers clasp
The hand which leads me into light ;
My soul, upon His errand goes :
The end I now not—but God knows.

(‘*The Christian*’—Boston; Mass.)

'FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.'

1. The way is dark, my Father ! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered ! Father, take my hand,
And, through the gloom, lead safely home Thy child!
2. The day goes fast, my Father ! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions ; fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. Oh Father ! take my hand,
And, from the night, lead up to light Thy child!
3. The way is long, my Father ! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal.
While yet I journey, through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand
Quickly and straight, lead to heaven's gate Thy child!
4. The path is rough, my Father ! Many a thorn
Has pierced me ; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand ;
Then, safe and blest, lead up to rest Thy child!
5. The throng is great, my Father ! many a doubt
And fear and danger compass me about.
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go alone. Oh Father, take my hand,
And, through the throng, lead safe along Thy child!
6. The cross is heavy, Father ! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand,
And, reaching down, lead to the crown Thy child!

(From 'The Charged Cross.')

'I WILL TAKE THY HAND.'

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- (oss.)*
1. The way is dark, my child ! but leads to light :
I would not always have thee walk by sight.
My dealings now thou canst not understand ;
I meant it so—but I will take thy hand,
And, through the gloom, lead safely home My child!
 2. The day goes fast, my child ! but—Is the night
Darker to Me than day ? In Me is light !
Keep close to Me, and every spectral band
Offears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And, through the night, lead up to light My child!
 3. The way is long, my child ! but—it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee ;
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And, quick & straight lead to heaven's gate My child!
 4. The path is rough, my child ! but—oh ! how sweet
Will be the *rest*, for weary pilgrims feet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And, safe and blest, with Me shall rest My child!
 5. The throng is great, my child ! but—at thy side
Thy Father walks : then, be not terrified,
For I am with thee—will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass—will take thy hand,
And, through the throng, lead safe along My child!
 6. The cross is heavy, child ! Yet there was One
Who bore a heavier for thee—My Son,
My well-beloved. For Him bear thine ; & stand
With Him at last ; and from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down—receive a crown, My child!

(From 'The Changed Cross.')

'HE KNOWETH THE WAY THAT I TAKE.'

I

Through the wearisome hours of a sorrowful night
 I have prayed for the morning to break ;
 Till there came, not the morn, but this broad beam of light
 "He knoweth the way that I take."
 "He knoweth the way!" and the way is His own ;
 And I take it with *Him*—not alone, not alone.

2

When faint with the burden and heat of the day,
 I have longed for the night to o'ertake,
 I am rested and soothed as I trustingly say,
 "He knoweth the way that I take :"
 He knoweth!—tho' toilsome, the way is His own ;
 And I take it with Him—not alone, not alone.

3

The road may be tangled, and thorny, and rough—
 So rough, that all others forsake
 And leave me discouraged : but ah ! 'tis enough—
 "He knoweth the way that I take :"
 He knoweth!—tho' lonely, the way is His own ;
 And I take it with Him—not alone, not alone.

4

And so, as I journey through darkness and light,
 Till the valley's dark shadows o'ertake,
 And the city of rest lifts its towers on my sight,
 "He knoweth the way that I take :"
 "He knoweth the way"—and the way is His own ;
 And I take it with *Him*—not alone, not alone.

(*Mrs. S. M. Walsh.*)

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HE KNOWETH OUR WAY.

19

I know not, the way is so misty—
The joys or the griefs it shall bring ;
What clouds are o'erhanging the future,
What flowers by the roadside shall spring.
But there's One that shall journey beside me,
Nor in weal, nor in woe, me forsake ;
And this is my solace and comfort—
“He knoweth the way that I take.”

2

I stand where the cross-roads are meeting,
And know not the right from the wrong ;
No beckoning fingers direct me,
No welcome floats to me in song.
But my guide will soon give me a token
By wilderness, mountain, or lake ;
Whatever the darkness about me,
“He knoweth the way that I take.”

3

And I know that the way leadeth homeward
To the land of the pure and the blest ;
To the country of ever-fair summer,
To the city of peace and of rest :
And there shall be healing for sickness,
And fountains, life's fever to slake ;
What matters beside? I go homeward—
“He knoweth the way that I take.”

(‘The Christian’—Boston: Mass.)

BEST OR NOT.

I

I know not if, or dark or bright
 Shall be my lot ;
 If that wherein my hopes delight
 Be best or not.

2

My bark is wasted on the strand
 By breath divine,
 And on the helm there rests a Hand
 Other than mine.

3

One who has known in storms to sail
 I have on board ;
 Above the ravings of the gale
 I have my Lord.

4

He holds me where the billows smite
 I shall not fall,
 If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light :
He tempers all.

5

Safe to the land ! safe to the land !
 The end is this ;
 And then, with *Him*, go hand-in-hand,
 Far into bliss.

(*Dean of Canterbury:)*

ALONE WITH JESUS.

1. *Alone with JESUS ! leave me here,
Without a wish, without a fear ;
My pulse is weak, and faint my breath,
But, is not He the Lord of death ?
And, if I live, or, if I die—
'Tis all the same, when He is nigh.*
2. *Alone with JESUS ! Ye who weep,
And, round my bed, your vigils keep ;
My love was never half so strong,
And yours—Oh, I have proved it long :
But, when had earthly friends the power
To comfort, in the dying hour ?*
3. *Alone with JESUS ! Oh, how sweet,
In health, to worship, at His feet ;
But sweeter far, when, day by day,
We droop, and pine, and waste away—
To feel His arm around us close,
And, in His bosom find repose.*
4. *Alone with JESUS—how secure !
Vile in myself, in Him how pure :
The tempests howl, the waters beat,
They harm me not in my retreat :
Night deepens—'mid its gloom and chill,
He draws me nearer to Him still.*
5. *Alone with JESUS ! What alarms
The infant, in its mother's arms ?
Before me, death and judgment rise,
I lean my head, and close mine eyes :
There's nought for me to fear, or do—
I know that He will bear me through.*
6. *Alone with JESUS ! Earth grows dim—
I even see my friends, through Him :
Time, space,—all things below, above,
Reveal to me one life, one love—
That One, in whom all glories shine,
All beauties meet—that One is mine !*

(By a Lady, in near prospect of death.)

HE LEADETH ME.

I

He leadeth me!—Oh blessed thought ;
 Oh words, with heavenly comfort fraught :
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still, 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

2

Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom ;
 Sometimes, where Eden's bowers bloom ;
 By waters calm, o'er troubled sea—
 Still, 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3

Lord ! I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur, nor repine :
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4

And, when my task on earth is done,
 When, by Thy grace, the victory's won—
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since Thou, through Jordan, leadest me.

[*Chorus.*]

He leadeth me ! He leadeth me,
 By His own hand, He leadeth me ;
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For, by His hand, He leadeth me.

(*J. H. Gilmour.*)

GOD MY FATHER, KNOWS.

1

My God, whose gracious pity I may claim,
 Calling Thee 'Father'—sweet endearing name !
 The sufferings of each weak and weary frame
 Are known to Thee.

2

From human eyes 'tis better to conceal
 Much that we suffer, much we hourly feel ;
 But Oh ! the thought doth tranquillise and heal—
 That all is known to Thee ;

3

That all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned :
 Each drop that fills my daily cup, Thy hand
 Prescribes for ills, none else can understand—
 All, all is known to Thee.

4

Nor will its bitter draught distasteful prove,
 While I recall the Son of Thy dear love :
 The cup Thou would'st not for our sakes remove—
 The cup He drank for me.

5

He drank it to the dregs ; no drop remained
 Of wrath, for those whose cup of woe He drained—
Man ne'er can know what that sad cup contained,
 But all is known to Thee.

(*Selected for 'The Christian' Boston Mass.*)

THE GREAT TEACHER.

1. I love to feel that I am taught,
 And, as a little child,
 To note the lessons I have learnt
 In passing through the wild.
 For I am sure God teaches me,
 And His own gracious hand
 Each varying page before me spreads,
 By love and wisdom planned.

* * * * *

7. We do not see our Teacher's face,
 We do not hear His voice ;
 And yet, we know that He is near,
 We feel it, and rejoice.
 There is a music round our hearts,
 Set in no mortal key ;
 There is a Presence with our souls,
 We know that it is He.

8. His loving teaching cannot fail :
 And we shall know at last
 Each task that seemed so hard and strange,
 When learning time is past.
 Oh ! may we learn to love Him more,
 By every opening page,
 By every lesson He shall mark
 With daily ripening age.

9. And then, 'to know as we are known'
 Shall be our glorious prize,
 To see the Teacher who hath been
 So patient, and so wise.
 Oh joy untold ! Yet not alone
 Shall our's the gladness be ;
 The travail of His soul in us
 Our Saviour-God shall see.

(F. R. Havergal, in 'Ministry of Song.')

THE THORN IN THE FLESH.

1

There is no heart that has not borne some sorrow of its own—
 The presence of a secret thorn no other heart has known :
 Though many weep in sympathy, it bears the pain, alone :

2

Perchance, some legacy of shame—a shadow of the past,
 That stained the lustre of his name, and, o'er the future cast
 A gloom, that nothing can dispel, so long as life shall last.

3

Perchance some dream of loveliness has thrown a subtle snare
 Around his heart, as if to bless, in sweet response to prayer :
 The fragrance of the dream is fled, but still the thorn is there !

4

Oh hearts that beat so close to ours, how little can we know,
 Whether ye work amid the flowers or where the nettles grow
 Or guess from smiles that light the face, what sorrow lies below !

5

My heart confesses but one thorn that shadows every good ;
 One bitter grief it long has borne, as meekly as it could—
 The birthright of a timid soul, too oft ‘misunderstood.’

6

No human heart can comprehend the fullness of its need ;
 Not e'en the dearest earthly friend its mysteries may read ;
 In silence, it must find its joy ; in silence, it must bleed.

7

Ourselves we cannot comprehend nor guide our steps aright
 But, if we know it is God's hand between us and the light,
 The echo of an angel's song goes singing through the night.

(*Josephine Pollard.*)

HE GOETH BEFORE THEM.

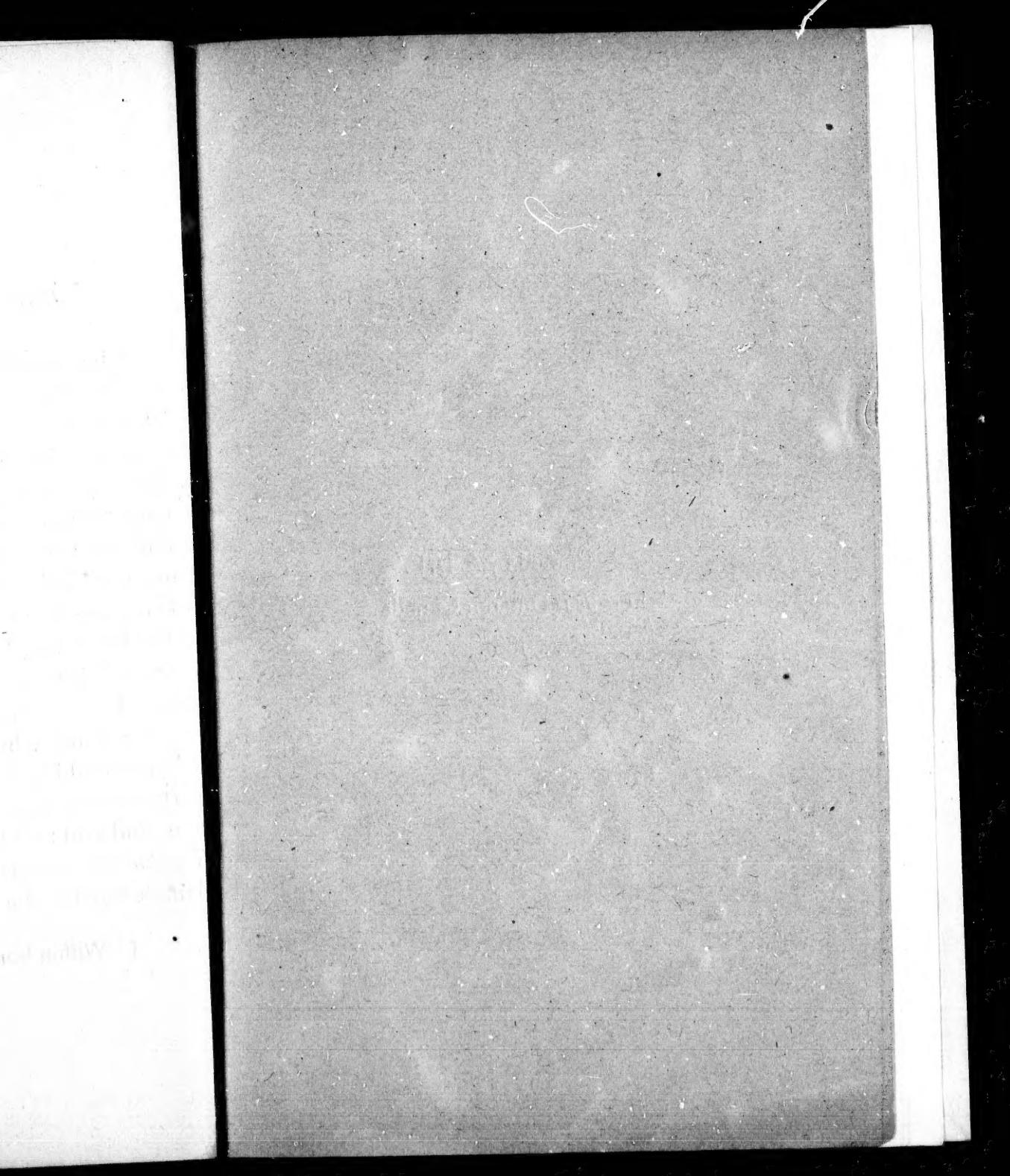
1. Lord, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this, Thy grace must give.
2. If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey :
If short, yet why should I be sad,
To soar to endless day ?
3. Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before ;
He that unto God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by His door.
4. Come Lord, when grace has made me meet,
Thy blessed face to see :
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be !
5. Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days.
And join with the triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise.
6. My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But, 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

(Richard Baxter.)

GOD KNOWS & GOD CARES.

* * I had nearly reached the (*Luxembourg*) Garden gates, when I heard light footsteps coming rapidly behind me. I did not turn till a soft touch was laid on my arm—and a sweet voice said in broken French, “Pardon, mademoiselle ;—I think you have dropped this. I picked it up soon after you passed.” “Thank you very much,” I said, “you do not know what a treasure you have saved me.” “I am very glad,” she said shyly, and was turning away, but I continued, “It contains the likeness of a dear brother and the last letter I have had from him.” The blue eyes were raised to mine, with a look of sweet and ready sympathy. “He is in the wars, mademoiselle ?” “We do not know, my child, whether he is living or dead, prisoner or free.” The child laid her small hand on mine, with a look of perfect comprehension and sympathy, strange in one so young, and said ; “That is very hard. But, mademoiselle, “*God knows, and God cares.*”—Then, as if fearing she had made too free she excused herself, and hurried away.

(“Within Iron Walls,” by Annie Lucas.)



Bonfield

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